Honor My Wishes by PuffyPhantom

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Summary:

Danny goes to Vlad to cope with the loss of his family and friends.

Relationships: Danny Fenton/Vlad Masters

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Honor My Wishes

Author's Note:

Something short and straight to the point.

Thanks for lookin'.

“You’re being so sweet to me tonight, little badger,” Vlad murmured against Danny’s lips, calloused hand caressing the small of Danny’s naked back. “So… docile.”

Danny didn’t respond, mind hazy and distracted by the pleasant yet uncanny sensations creeping up his spine. He kissed Vlad before he had a chance to think, letting the older man’s tongue slide against his own.

Vlad broke the kiss to trail the tip of his nose up Danny’s cheek and then pressed his lips against the shell of his ear. “And you’re quite eager as well, aren’t you?” he asked breathily, groping Danny’s forced erection.

Danny gasped, shuddering. He gripped Vlad’s bare shoulders with his trembling hands. Even with his eyes closed, a vivid picture of Vlad’s wicked smile became terrifyingly clear as the man stroked his length.

“Tell me, what is it you want?” Vlad asked.

Danny swallowed and opened his mouth to reply. He paused just like that: lips parted and brows drawn together. His chest felt impossibly tight.

What did he want?

He wanted a lot of things: to turn back time, to correct his mistakes, to be the so-called hero he was supposed to be and protect those he cared for the most… all childish wishes that would never come true.

There was nothing left for him. No heartfelt desires that made him anticipate the days to come. No moments of joy where bouts of laughter

would follow.

Maybe all he wanted now was to make the hurt go away.

“Just… you.”

Vlad hummed in agreement, and he held Danny firmly against his body. With his face buried in Danny’s hair, Vlad inhaled deeply and then kissed the side of his head. “Lie down for me, Daniel.”

Danny did. And when Vlad moved on top of him and told him to spread his legs apart, Danny did that as well. He followed Vlad’s every command without hesitation, allowing the heat of their conjoined bodies melt away his afflictions and replace them with a different kind of vile ache.

“Such a good boy,” Vlad said breathlessly between his thrusts, his possessive hands gripping Danny’s waist.

Through his clouded judgment and the sounds of the creaking bed, Danny heard his name. He looked up, and his lidded gaze was met with one full of pure arousal that he loathed for being so familiar with. But he welcomed it anyway.

“Vlad,” Danny breathed out between his moans and splayed his clammy palms across Vlad’s chest. His stomach curled for polarized reasons as his body continuously took in Vlad’s stiff and demanding erection.

With another lustful groan, Vlad leaned down and kissed Danny deeply. Danny wrapped his arms around Vlad’s neck, grimacing when Vlad moved to whisper praises in his ear that he didn’t want to hear.

He lost himself in the sensations as the night went by with a warped sense of hedonism, where pleasure overwhelmed him of his own twisted volition. By the end of it all, Danny was left panting and sweating, filled with shame, and once again held in the arms of his worst enemy.

Vlad lazily trailed his fingertips up and down Danny’s back. He sighed. “You know how much I care for you, don't you, Danny?"

"Yeah," Danny said quietly. He choked back a sob and embraced himself in a pathetic attempt at self-comfort; then he rested his hot cheek against Vlad’s shoulder, hiding away in disgrace.

It happened again. And again.

Every night, like a ritual, Danny would go to his adopted bedroom, and his tears would fall on the framed picture of his loved ones before he’d place it face down on the nightstand, where he would then go down the hall and knock on Vlad’s bedroom door.